

McNary

DWIGHT'S

JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

VOLS. V. AND VI.

CHICAGO
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY EDWARD L. BALCH, No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.
1855.

D W I G H T ' S

Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. V.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1854.

NO. 1.

Dwight's Journal of Music,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.TERMS { BY MAIL, . . . \$2 PER ANNUM, { IN ADVANCE.
" CARRIER, \$2.50 " }

ITS CONTENTS relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time,—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music published at home and abroad. 3. A Summary of the significant Musical News from all parts; gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, Æsthetic Books, the Drama, &c.—8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, Anecdotes, &c.—Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished. Also bound copies of the first year.

POSTAGE, if paid in advance, for any distance within the State, thirteen cents a year; if not in advance, twenty-six cents. To all places beyond the State, double these rates.

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington Street.
" GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.
" DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.
" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 722 Broadway, N. Y.
" GEORGE DUTTON, JR., Rochester, N. Y.
" G. ANDRÉ, 229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
" MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St., Balt.
" COLBURN & FIELD, Cincinnati, O.
" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O.
" JOHN H. MELLOH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

For half a square, (8 lines,) or less, first insertion, . . . \$0.50
" " " each additional inser. 25
For a square, (16 lines,) first insertion, 1.00
" " " each additional insertion, 50
On advertisements standing three months or longer, a discount of twenty per cent. on the above rates is allowed.
(A column counts as seven squares.)
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

Mendelssohn.

(Continued from p. 203.)

After the Düsseldorf festival, the committee of managers presented the composer of *St. Paul* with an illustrated copy of his own work. The memorable incidents in the life of the Apostle had been selected as subjects, and the five artists who contributed were Schröter, Hübner, Steinbrück, Mücke, and Hensel, Mendelssohn's own brother-in-law. Many important alterations were made in the score of the oratorio after its first production in public. Ten pieces were cut out entirely, and the first great air of *St. Paul* (in B minor), as it now exists, is scarcely half its original length. The short air for *soprano*, in F, which stands in

the second part, was added; and the whole of the music, in its renovated state, appeared in another and improved edition. Almost immediately after his triumph at Düsseldorf, Felix set out for Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he had undertaken to direct the "Cäcilienverein" for his friend Schelle, whose health obliged him for a time to give up working. This Society always stood well in Mendelssohn's estimation, in consequence of the precision and correctness, with which Sebastian Bach's motets were executed at its performances; but, independently of musical attractions, Frankfort found other substantial charms for him—as we shall see hereafter. It was from this place that he wrote to a friend in the freshness and simplicity of a child's feelings, that, "Wenn er länger in Frankfurt bliebe, würde er gewiss noch ein eifriger Gärtner werden." These are but a few trilling words, but they are from one in whose eloquent songs we recognize the lover of Nature in all her changes, her darkness and light, her rain and sunshine. Rich in his portraiture of Her, he has left us strains which whisper of all seasons. We have his harvest songs, his autumn songs; and, when winter comes, the morose and joyless will smile at those fragments, so full of delicate imagery of the flowers we can no longer gather, and beauty which must be hidden for a time. Here was the secret of the artist, here the talisman of the poet: Felix loved nature, and told of her; the fruits of his converse with her he has left to us; possessed of these, we should adore her likewise. The tender and pathetic strains in the opening of the *Elijah*:—

"The harvest now is over,
And the summer days are gone,"

speak for their author at once as an earnest and faithful devotee of Nature in her daily ministry. In a word, he was one who, with a great modern critic on Art, knew and felt that the meadow grass meshed with fairy rings is better than the wood pavement cut into hexagons—that the fresh winds and sunshine of the upland are better than the choke-damp of the vault or the gaslight of the ball-room. But to return to our narrative.

During his stay in Frankfort, Felix was introduced to a family of the name of Jeanrenaud, and found in the youngest daughter, Cecilia, the future partner of his fortunes. We can say but little of this amiable lady, who lived long enough after her husband's death to know and feel the depth of the public regret, as well as of her own private sorrow; but we believe her to have been in every way worthy the love of so illustrious a man.

In the October of 1836, Felix returned to Leipsic, and opened the Gewandhaus Concerts, assisted by David, Graban, and others already mentioned. The only failure of this season seems to have been a *Sinfonia Appassionata*, by Franz Lachner, which was condemned by the most learned and severe judges, as unworthy of the author and the performers. The resources of this celebrated company of musicians were displayed to great advantage in Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, on which Felix bestowed the most ardent pains,

adding full organ accompaniments, and repeatedly rehearsing the mighty chain of choruses which stamp this oratorio as one of the most enduring works the world has ever heard. It was finally executed in the *Pauliner Kirche* on the 7th of November, 1836, by a body of 250 singers, with a powerful orchestra and organ. The solos were given by Henrietta Graban, Augusta Harkort (an amateur), Stölpe, Hering, Pögnier, and Richter. The last concert of this season was on the 12th of December. After Beethoven's concerto in E flat had been played by Mendelssohn, the overture called *Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt* awoke the old enthusiasm, which rose to tremendous applause in the last chorus of "Fidelio:—*Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, stimm' in unsern Jubel ein*. In these words there seemed a pointed allusion to a certain Frankfort lady, whose fame and attractions had reached the ears of the Leipsic folk; and Mendelssohn, conscious of the good wishes of all before him, seized the moment of inspiration, sat down at the piano-forte, and extemporized in a wonderful manner on the subject of Beethoven's chorus. When he had finished, genuine and hearty as was the applause, it seemed almost a sin to disturb the last echo which his fancy had inspired with such enchanting sounds.

I should have mentioned before that this winter was remarkable at Leipsic for introducing to the public a highly accomplished pupil of Mendelssohn's, whose compositions and piano-forte playing had attracted much attention. William Sterndale Bennett* had shown good proof of the reality and earnestness of his studies under Mendelssohn by his piano-forte Concerto in C minor; and an overture, *Die Wald-Nymphen*, added considerably to his reputation in Germany and elsewhere. It is no depreciation to this artist's justly-acquired fame and well earned laurels, when we say, that in his subsequent productions it is easy to see the influence of his great master; nor can it be thought strange that a pupil so deeply versed in Mendelssohn's works should insensibly be led to select them as his models. The Gewandhaus Concerts this season terminated with a grand performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and Felix gave his undivided attention to the rehearsals of his own oratorio lately brought out at Düsseldorf. The choral bodies of Leipsic mustered all their strength, and bestowed the same labor and patience upon the concerted pieces as, on a previous occasion, on those of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Felix attended all the rehearsals, and accompanied the music on a wretched piano. Still, the most powerful impression was made on the listener by the various choruses and chorales which have since become as "familiar as household words." The oratorio was given for the first time, at Leipsic, on the 16th of March, 1837, in the *Pauliner Kirche* we have before spoken of. Unhappily, a temporary illness deprived Mendels-

* Mr. Sterndale Bennett was never at any time a pupil of Mendelssohn. His third concerto was composed before he went to Düsseldorf (in 1834) where Mendelssohn heard it for the first time.—*Ed. Lond. Mus. World*.

John of his chief bass singer, who was to have sung the music allotted to St. Paul. The gentleman who came to the rescue at the last moment sang so far successfully as not to impair the general effect, but Graban seems to have been the most distinguished of the solo singers. The chorus consisted of three hundred voices, and the results of the performance were thus commented on in the Leipzig newspaper:

"The powerful orchestra worked in a masterly manner under the baton of the conductor, Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The choruses, which had been carefully rehearsed, were delivered with a roundness, power, and distinctness of light and shade, that call for the highest encomiums we can with sincerity offer. Above all, let praise be given to whom praise is due—to the composer and conductor, Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The committee are anxious also to express their obligations to the orchestra, the chorus singers, and to Ferdinand David, for their unwearied attention to the rehearsals, which have been productive of such great results."

This celebrated work, the merits of which, as a whole, are now universally recognized, was, and is still, open to a fair and impartial criticism. If viewed in comparison with the prescribed forms of other sacred musical dramas, it must be allowed that *St. Paul* has its weak points. The personality and presence of St. Paul are kept too much in the background at the time of St. Stephen's martyrdom, and none will doubt that the second part of the work is far inferior to the first in point of dramatic interest. But the prevalent idea which is current through the whole work, is of a higher and more general importance, and Mendelssohn wished this distinctly to be marked as detached from the individual character of the Apostle himself, whose name forms the title and subject of the oratorio. He had before him the great triumphs of Christianity in the early stages of the gospel mission, the Apostle's humility and gladness to live and die for the Lord, contrasted with the obstinate pride of Judaism and the sensual self-satisfied heathen (*die sinnlich heitere Lebensanschauung des Heidenthums*). He wished to express the infatuated opposition of the learned and luxurious to the steady growth of the Gospel, and influence of its teachers, together with the glorious victory won by the messengers of divine love, "who preach us the Gospel of Peace." These thoughts are embodied in the music given to St. Paul, Stephen, and Barnabas, while the interest concentrates in the great centre (*Mittelpunct*) of the work—the conversion of St. Paul himself. An objection has been raised to the composer's assigning the voice from Heaven to a chorus of *soprano* voices, and it has been urged that it might have been expressed by a powerful accompaniment of a wind instrument; but surely these are futile criticisms, and must give way to the general effect produced on the most ordinary hearer. How are we startled by the chorus, "Mache dich auf, werde Licht," which comes like a flash from heaven on the earthly darkness below—how majestic the chorale, "Awake, a Voice is calling," and the prophetic songs of triumph in distinction to the clamorous cries of the heathens and Jews. All these fine perceptions of the different states of feeling which pervaded the various sects in the early days of Christianity, can be traced by comparing the different choruses. Such as "Behold, we count them blessed which have endured," and "Oh, the Depth of the Riches, Wisdom, and Knowledge of God," with "This Man ceaseth not," "Here is the Temple of the Lord," "The Gods are come to us in the Likeness of Men," etc. In all these, the elements of Judaism, Christianity, and Heathenism are powerfully marked, and the music owes much of its effect to the grand orchestral combinations with which the work abounds. I believe the chorale is brought to perfection in this oratorio, and though it may be said that a like effect is produced by the great Sebastian Bach, yet even this would enhance the value of a work by one who, a century later, could revive the song in all its freshness, with the additional beauties supplied by modern art.

[To be continued.]

CHEAP MUSIC.—At Copenhagen, Mendelssohn's songs are publishing by subscription, at threepence a book, each containing several numbers.

A Musician's Love of Nature.

M. Eymar has thus described some of the moral qualities of Viotti, the great violinist, who was born in Piedmont in 1853 and died in London in 1824:

There never existed a man who attached such great value to the simplest gifts of Nature; there never was a child who more ardently enjoyed them. A violet found under the grass would transport him with joy, or the gathering of fresh fruit render him the happiest of mortals: he found in the one a perfume ever new, in the other a flavor always more and more delicious. His organs, thus delicate and sensible, seemed to have preserved the impressibility of early youth; whilst stretched on the grass, he would pass whole hours in admiring the color or inhaling the odor of a rose. Every thing that belonged to the country was, for this extraordinary man, a new object of amusement, interest, and enjoyment: all his senses were excited by the slightest impressions; every thing around him affected his imagination; all nature spoke to his heart, which overflowed with sentiment. We are also indebted to M. Eymar for the knowledge of the *Ranz des Vaches*, which Viotti used to play with emotion on the days he consecrated to music. At M. Eymar's request, Viotti copied for him this air, accompanying the gift with the following lines: "This *Ranz des Vaches* is neither the one which our friend J. J. Rousseau has favored us with in his works, nor is it that of which M. de la Borde speaks in his book on music. I am not aware that it is known to many persons; all I can say is, that I have heard it in Switzerland, and that I learned it in a way ever to be impressed in my memory. I was walking alone, towards evening, in one of those gloomy spots where one never wishes to speak; the weather was beautiful; the wind, which I dislike, was still; every thing was calm and analogous to my sensations; and I felt within me that melancholy which has ever been present to my mind at the hour of evening, and will remain as long as I exist. My thoughts were wandering, and my steps followed it; my heart gave the preference to no particular object, but it was prepared for that tenderness and love which have since caused me so much pain and taught me so much happiness. My imagination, idle, if I may use the expression, from the absence of the passions, was without motion. I climbed and descended the most imposing steep, till at length chance led me to a valley, to which at first I paid no attention; and it was not till some time afterwards that I perceived it was beautiful, and such as I had often read of in the works of Gessner. Flowers, grass, a stream, all were there, and all formed the most harmonious picture. At length, though not fatigued, I mechanically sat down upon a piece of rock and gave myself up to that profound reverie which I not unfrequently indulge in, and in which my ideas wander so as to make me forget that I am an inhabitant of the earth. I know not what it is that produces in me this species of ecstasy, whether it be the sleep of the soul, or an absence of the thinking faculty; I can only say that I delight in the feeling, and willingly abandon myself to it. On this stone then was I sitting, when on a sudden my ear, or rather my existence, was struck by sounds, now sudden and short, and now again prolonged and slower, which proceeded from one mountain and flew to the other without being repeated by the echoes. It was a long strain, and a female voice mingled in perfect union with the sad though sweet and affecting sounds. Struck as if by enchantment, I shook off my lethargic sensations, and, whilst I intently listened, learned, or rather engraved on my memory, the *Ranz des Vaches*, which I now send you. I have thought it most characteristic to note it down without bars: it is of a nature to be perfectly without restraint; regularity of time would destroy its effect; for its wild sounds prolonging themselves in the air, the time they took to reach from one mountain to another could not be determined. It is then depth of thought and feeling which ought to guide us in the execution of this air, rather than

rhythm and measured cadence. This *Ranz des Vaches*, played in strict time, would be unnatural, and lose its simplicity. To produce its true effect, imagination must transport the performer to the mountains where the melody is indigenous: whilst executing it in Paris, it must be felt as in Switzerland. It is thus that, in some moments of inspiration, I have myself played it on my violin, accompanied by Mlle. Montgault."

MENTAL DERANGEMENT OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.—We find the following paragraph in the *Musical Review*. In absence of further information we can but trust that the intelligence is false, or at all events over-colored:

"A private letter from Leipzig, received by the Pacific, brings us the sad intelligence that Robert Schumann, the distinguished composer, who stands in the first rank of living musicians, has become deranged, and is considered by his physicians as lost to the musical world. The first symptoms of this mental aberration were exhibited in supposed communings with the spirit of Beethoven. Let us hope that this sad affliction may be only temporary in its nature.

"We translate for our readers the following paragraph, which occurs in a criticism on the Eighteenth Subscription Concert at the Gewandhaus Hall, Leipzig:

"This concert was opened with the overture to 'Manfred,' by R. Schumann. With the deepest interest, with the most heartfelt sorrow did we then listen to the tones of this genial master; for it was only a few hours before the concert that the intelligence reached us of the fearful calamity that had befallen the creator of so many great works of art. This sublime spirit, this prolific mind, this noble heart, is plunged in a rayless night, from which redemption can hardly be hoped for in this world; he, the worthy successor of our great German composers, is, unfortunately for art, forever lost to it, as well as to his relatives and friends. How many magnificent productions did we yet expect from him, who was still in the vigor of manhood, and whose latest compositions show that in him the fount of artistic invention gushed up with youthful freshness and unabated affluence! The entire German art-world will weep over this event, for an irreparable loss has overtaken it,—one of the brightest ornaments in the glory crown of our fatherland is fallen!"

Death of Rubini.

[The newspapers announce the death of this whilome "king of tenors," at Bergamo, after an illness of three days. It is but a few months since we furnished our readers with a notice of Rubini (See No. for Oct. 22, 1853). But as that notice was written in 1840, and dwelt mainly on his characteristics as an artist, it will not be uninteresting at this time to peruse the following narrative of the events of his life, which we find in the London *Musical World*.]

Giovanni-Battista Rubini, the most renowned tenor of the present century, was born at Romano, a small town in the province of Bergamo, on the 7th of April, 1795 (or, as some say, 1792—the same year in which Rossini came into the world.) The son of a professor of music, he learned the elements of that art from his earliest infancy. Before he was eight years old, he sang in the churches, or took a violin part in the orchestra. Some time later, he was confided to the care of Dom Santo, a priest and organist at Adro, near Brescia, who had some knowledge of harmony and singing. After having tried the voice of young Rubini, he came to a decision that the child had no disposition for the vocal art, and sent him back to his father. The latter, however, persuaded that the organist of Adro was wrong in his opinion, continued to give lessons to his son, who at the age of twelve made his *début* on the stage in a woman's part. After this essay, Rubini went to Bergamo, where he had contracted an engagement to play violin solos in the *entr'actes*, and to sing in the choruses. His first attempt as a singer in the theatre at Bergamo was

in an air by Lamberti, which was introduced in a comedy. His success was triumphant, and he obtained from the *impresario* a reward in money equivalent to about *four shillings*. The remembrance of this event was often a source of gaiety to Rubini, when he afterwards became celebrated. Nevertheless, he had the vexation to see his triumph effaced by the refusal of the director of the Opera at Milan to admit him among the choruses, on the plea that he had not sufficient voice. The only resource left him was to embrace an offer to join a strolling *troupe* of singers who were just setting out for Piedmont. At Fossano, Saluzzo, and Vercelli, he was entrusted with the first tenor parts. At the last-mentioned town he became acquainted with a violinist named Madi, with whom he associated himself for the purpose of giving concerts. A *tournee* through Alexandria, Novi, and Valenza, however, proved unsuccessful, and they were compelled to return to Vercelli. The ill luck, which accompanied Rubini in all his excursions, induced him to retire from the strolling *troupe*, and proceed to Milan, in the chance of finding employment. At Milan, the only chance he obtained was an engagement for the autumn season, at Pavia, on a salary of less than *two pounds* a month. His success there was so great, that he was invited to Brescia for the Carnival in 1815, with the magnificent sum of £40 for three months. This salary was doubled in the spring following, at the San Mosè in Venice; and at length Barbaja himself secured his services for the Theatre Fiorentini in Naples, at 88 ducats a month.

At the end of a year, although Rubini had obtained the marked favor of the public, Barbaja wished to get rid of him, and only consented to retain him on condition of his consenting to a reduction of his salary to seventy ducats. Rubini could have found lucrative engagements, but he was anxious to remain at Naples where he was receiving valuable instructions from Nozzari. Nevertheless, while subscribing to the hard terms of the *entrepreneur*, he said to Barbaja, with the confidence of an artist who believes in his own talent, and feels assured that he is destined to become celebrated—"You profit by the advantages which my position affords you; but I will repay you for this one day or other." Rubini was not deceived in his expectations. Several operas were written expressly for him in 1816 and 1817; he made a deep impression at Rome, in *La Gazza Ladra*, and obtained other brilliant successes at Palermo, and at Naples, on his return, all of which tended to raise his name in the market, and to make it worth the while of *entrepreneurs* to offer him more suitable terms.

On the 6th of October, 1825, Rubini made his first appearance in Paris, as Ramiro in *La Cenerentola*. The charm of his voice, that peculiar style which belonged to himself alone, and was founded on no preceding model, the elegance of his vocalization, and the rare good taste displayed in his ornaments and *fioriture*, ensured his triumph. *La Donna del Lago*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Otello* confirmed his reputation, and the critics unanimously pronounced him the "King of Tenors." Barbaja, who had ceded Rubini to the administration of the Théâtre Italien, reclaimed him at the expiration of six months. Once more in Naples, the now great singer was speedily dispatched to Milan, and thence to Vienna, where he had already been in 1824. In the interval, Bellini's *Pirata* and *Sonnambula*, and Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, had provided Rubini with that particular character of music which specially suited his organization and his talent, and in which he showed himself far superior to what he had been in the opera of Rossini. Bellini and Rubini seemed born for each other, and their mutual glory to depend on their continued union. It was from this epoch (1826) that the incontestable superiority of Rubini, in a special kind of music, over all contemporary singers, was declared. In the operas we have cited, he first made use of those frequent contrasts of *forte* and *piano*, which, for fifteen years, was the most distinctive characteristic of his talent, and which he must be admitted to have abused by excess, although by its means he was accustomed to excite the liveliest

transports of his hearers. This contrast was the stamp of his individuality; and through it he created a manner, or (*mannerism*), the imitators of which have unfortunately been always painfully inferior to their model.

Until 1831, Rubini remained the exclusive property of Barbaja, who raised his salary (the greater part of which, of course, went into the pockets of the cunning *entrepreneur*) to 60,000 francs (£2,400). At length, freed from responsibility, he returned to Paris, where he excited the greatest enthusiasm in *Il Pirata*, *Anna Bolena*, *La Sonnambula*, and other operas of the new *répertoire*. The absolute frenzy created among the Parisian *dilettanti*, by his execution of the airs, "Tu vedrai sventurata," "Vivi tu," and "Tutto è sciolto," in those operas, surpassed anything before or since.

In the same year, Rubini made his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, in Bellini's *Il Pirata*, in company with his wife, Mme. Rubini,* who was engaged as *prima donna*. His reception, until the last scene, was cold, and he failed to move the audience into any display of enthusiasm; but "Tu vedrai sventurata" awoke them from their trance, and Rubini triumphed in London as he had triumphed in Paris. From 1831 to 1841 he was engaged alternately, every year, six months in Paris, and six months in London, and at the English provincial festivals—except in 1838, when he passed the summer at his native place in Bergamo. His reputation continually increased, and his great successes caused him to be regarded as the first tenor of the age. His gains surpassed those of any of those singers whom fortune has most favored. During the year which immediately followed the termination of his engagement with Barbaja Rubini earned 125,000 francs (£5,000); and, from that time forward, his actual income was something more than 200,000 francs (£8,000.) In 1841, he was supposed to be worth *two millions and a half of francs*—or £100,000.

For several years Rubini was engaged to direct the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg, where his success was prodigious and his emolument enormous. His final and his greatest triumph in Paris was in *I Puritani*, the last opera composed for him by his friend Bellini, (and, indeed, the last Bellini wrote.) The music and the singer obtained a success almost without precedent; and "Ella tremante" even threw into the shade "Il mio Tesoro," which, till then, had been considered Rubini's most consummate vocal achievement.

In 1842, in the height of his glory and the zenith of his powers, Rubini visited London for the last time. In the same, if we are not mistaken, he also took his leave of Paris. It was not till a few years later that he quitted St. Petersburg, and retired altogether into private life. He resided up to the day of his death, at his native place, Bergamo, where he kept a stud of horses, and enjoyed the esteem and affection of a large circle of intimate friends and acquaintances.

Musical Intelligence. London.

ORCHESTRA MUSIC.—The great musical season has been opened as usual by the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY; soon to be followed by the New Philharmonic, and then by the Italian Opera, all the song birds of the continent summering in England. The old Philharmonic cannot be expected to deal largely in new music; its function being the very useful one,—perhaps the *most* useful,—of not letting acquaintance with the standard classical works die out. Hence the programme of its first concert, March 6th, shows, for symphonies, the "Jupiter" of Mozart, and the "Pastorals" of Beethoven:—good guaranty enough of a rich evening, one would think. The orchestra remains as it was last year, with the exception that it lacks Piatti, and Bottesini, who is here with Julien. Costa is still conductor. The *Times* speaks well of the execution of the two symphonies, only complaining that the "Jupiter" was too uniformly loud. The overtures,—Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" and Weber's

* Rubini was married at Naples in 1819, to Mdle. Chomel, a French singer of some talent. Her last season as a public singer was Rubini's first in London.

"Jubilee" were "dashed off with immense spirit." Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor was played by Mrs. Thompson (late Miss Kate Loder),—her last appearance as a public performer. The loss in her of one of the best pianists of the classical school appears to be much regretted. Sig. Belletti sang an air from Spohr's *Jesondia* (the war song); and with Sims Reeves the duet *I Mari-nari*, from Rossini's "Soirées Italiens." The novelty of the concert was a capital old thing, almost never sung; namely, the tenor (Ottavio's) song in "Don Giovanni," *Della sua pace*, which precedes *Il mio tesoro*, and is equally fine in its way. Mr. Sims Reeves sang it "to perfection."—The audience is described as not numerous, cold and apathetic. Could not even the slow movement of the "Jupiter" warm them into enthusiasm?

THE LONDON ORCHESTRA had accepted a lucrative engagement for Four Concerts, to be given on March 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, in the Industrial Exhibition, Dublin. The performances were to consist of classical and popular music, and Miss Thirlwall was engaged as Vocalist. Mr. Frank Mori was the Conductor.

ORATORIOS.—Handel's "Joshua" was performed March 6th, by the LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, attracting a crowded audience to Exeter Hall. It was preceded by Dr. Elvey's anthem: "In that Day."

The principal singers were Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Alleyne, Miss M. Wells, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss. Some of the choruses went well, and some might have gone better. The chorus of Israelites, "We with redoubled Rage," was sung with energy, and received with great applause. Of the singers, Mr. Weiss and Miss M. Wells particularly distinguished themselves—the latter in the air, "Heroes, when with Glory," in which she was loudly applauded, and Mr. Weiss in the air, "Shall I in Mamre's fertile Plain," which was enthusiastically encouraged. Mrs. Enderssohn sang "Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre" with great expression, and Mr. Lockey acquitted himself admirably in the tenor music.—*Mus. World.*

At the same place on the 3th, Handel's "Judas Mac-cabeus" was given by the HARMONIC UNION, under Benedict's direction.

Mr. Sims Reeves sang the three airs of *Judas* magnificently, and created an immense enthusiasm. He was encored in each of his songs, but judiciously declined to accede to the desire of the audience, except in one instance—"Sound an Alarm!"—the demand for which was too unanimous and loud to be resisted. A nobler specimen of Handelian singing than that of Mr. Sims Reeves, in "How vain is Man," has rarely been heard. Mr. Weiss gave the dashing air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," with great and appropriate vigour; and Mrs. Weiss, in the lovely song, "Wise Men, flatter'ing, may deceive You," displayed congenial sweetness and expression. Miss Stabback was hoarse, and a written apology was distributed for her in the Hall. Miss Dolby had little to do, but that little she accomplished, as usual, like a thorough artist. To Mr. Benedict's admirable conducting, no little of the excellence of the general performance was due.—*ib.*

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY has given two performances of "The Creation," with Exeter Hall crowded.—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was to be produced March 15th, at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of Hullah, the principal vocalists being Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Dolby, Mr. Augustas Braham and Mr. Weiss.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Mr. Lucas's "Musical Evenings" commenced at his residence, March 2nd, with a rich and varied selection.

It comprised Mozart's quartet, No. 2; Hummel's grand duet sonata, in A flat, for two performers on the piano; Spohr's quartet, in E minor (No. 2, Op. 45); Schubert's trio, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Beethoven's quartet No. 6, Op. 18. Mr. Lucas was assisted in the quartets, etc., by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, and Hill. With such admirable executants, the performances could not fail to be satisfactory; and it is hardly too much to say that the three quartets were perfectly executed. Miss Jackson, a pupil of Herr Pauer, is one of the most promising young pianists we have heard for some time. Her execution is neat and brilliant, and her taste unexceptionable. Hummel's clever and showy, but lengthy and patchy duet, was played in first-rate style by this young lady and her instructor.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper gave his second and last Soirée, on the 7th, at the New Beethoven Rooms, assisted by Sainton (violin), Dando (viola), and Lucas (violinello). The programme included Mozart's pianoforte quartet in E flat (op. 13); Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violin in G (op. 96); two Preludes and Fugues by Mendelssohn (op. 38), piano solo, "superbly played" by Mr. Sloper; an Andante and Presto of Mendelssohn, and a couple of original bagatelles, by the same player; an original violin

Romance and Tarantella, by Sainton; and songs by Miss Amy Dolby and by Sig. Belletti.

Mr. Charles Salaman's Second Piano-forte Soirée came off on Saturday evening last, when Mr. Salaman was assisted by Messrs. Blagrove (violin), R. Bagrove (viola), and Hancock (violinello); and by Mrs. Lockey as vocalist. Among the full pieces were Mozart's sonata, in A, for piano-forte and violin; Hummel's trio in E flat, Op. 96, piano-forte, violin, and violinello; F. Ries's quartet in E flat, Op. 17, for piano-forte, viola, and violinello; and Mendelssohn's *Andante and Presto Agitato*, in B minor, for piano-forte solo. There was also a quartet by Marschner, in G, Op. 158, for piano-forte, violin, viola and violinello, which, though not a work of remarkable merit, much less of genius, was interesting as a novelty. Mr. Salaman played two solos of his own composition—*Romance sans Paroles*, ("Cloelia," Op. 20, and *Toccata Brillant*, ("La Felicità," Op. 13. The performance went off well, and Mr. Salaman particularly distinguished himself in Hummel's trio and Mozart's sonata. He had more than enough to do during the evening, but his zeal was unabated throughout. Mrs. Lockey agreeably varied the instrumental entertainment by her quiet and artistic singing. She introduced no less than four vocal pieces of Mr. Salaman's—three English songs, and an Italian canzonet. These were received with great favor.

Ella's second "Musical Winter Evening" took place at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday of the same week.

It opened with Spohr's quartet in E flat (Op. 58). The violins were Herr Molique and Mr. Goffrie; the tenor, Mr. Hill; and the violinello, Signor Piatti. The quartet, one of Spohr's most melodious, was irreproachably executed. Beethoven's trio in G (No. 2, Op. 1), had for its interpreters Mlle. Madeleine Graver, her first appearance at these concerts (piano), Herr Molique (violin), and Signor Piatti (violinello). The performance was excellent; and the lady distinguished herself by a firm touch and appropriate expression. The trio was much applauded. Mozart's famous clarinet quintet introduced Mr. Lazarus this season to Mr. Ella's subscribers. This celebrated English artist played superbly, and was admirably supported by the stringed instruments.

Mlle. Graver also played Liszt's fantasia, "*Les Patineurs*," from the *Prophète*, which was injudicious, since that *morceau* is quite beyond the lady's mechanical powers. Mlle. Graver, who is so efficient in Beethoven, should avoid the Liszt school as much as possible. Previous to the *Patineurs*, a very animated performance, by the Brothers Holmes, of a very silly piece, by Kalliwoda, called "Introduction et Variations," attracted much attention, and brought down considerable applause. The Brothers Holmes play with a spirit and precision that remind us of the Mollenhauers. They are very young—the eldest sixteen, the youngest fourteen—but they have already won a name in the profession. The talent of the younger appears the more remarkable. The solo was accompanied on the piano-forte by Herr Rummel.

Paris.

Notwithstanding the flood of music which has been poured upon Paris during the present winter in concerts and choice operas, the attendance upon these assemblies appears not to diminish in the least. Among other announcements one may now be seen in the public places throughout the city where Americans congregate, headed "Yankee Doodle Concerts." Madame Euphrasie Borghese, "recently returned from America," announces a grand concert at the Salle Herz, assisted by several Italian and French celebrities, and a young American violinist, named on the bills P—. One of the pieces announced is Ole Bull's Variations on "Yankee Doodle." It is understood that Madame Borghese's voice has grown too feeble for a larger room than the Hall Henri Herz, and it is even feared that she will not be able to fill that with proper effect. Nearly all the seats in the house are taken up by Americans, at five and ten francs, our Minister leading off with a good number of seats. The Grand Opera continues crowded at the representations of the *Huguenots*, in which Mademoiselle Cruvelli has made so brilliant a début. She is now at the close of the second month of her engagement, and she has not yet appeared in any other piece than the *Huguenots*. The house is continually crowded and her success is complete. At the Italiens one is astonished to see Mario, Alboni, Tamburini, Frezzolini, Dall-Este, Gardi, Rossi, and other artists of eminence, sing night after night in the choicest operas, to a house that receives them as coldly as if they were so many supernumeraries. But rarely is a piece called for twice, and the curtain falls on the last act sometimes without a single cheer. The actors themselves seem to share the chilliness of the audience, and do not enter into their parts with the same enthusiasm as if they were singing on an English or an American stage. What seems more astonishing is, that seats can always be had on the evening of the performance at the regular prices of the theater, which range from four to ten francs.—*Chr. N. Y. Tribune*.

At the Fourth concert of the CONSERVATOIRE, Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night* was performed for the third time, in a much more satisfactory manner, both as regards choruses and solos, than on the former occasions. Two unpublished pieces formed part of the programme of the fifth concert: a motet and chorus, "*Inclina Domine*," by Cherubini, and the fragments of a ballet,

Gli Uomini di Prometeo by Beethoven. The principal features of the last are an overture, a *tempest*, an *adagio*, *allegretto*, and a *finale*. The audience, proud of their new discovery, were enchanted with the music and with themselves.—*Chr. Lond. Mus. World*.

At the Opéra-Comique, *La Dame Blanche* has been revived for the new tenor, Puget, from Rouen. The fifth representation of the *Etoile du Nord* was attended by the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg. At the conclusion of the second act, his Royal Highness went upon the stage, and, after congratulating M. Perrin upon the *mise-en-scène*, and general execution of the opera, caused all the actors to be presented to him in succession, and complimented them in terms which were the more flattering as emanating from one who is himself a composer and the author of *Guilbelle* (an opera which was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851, with Mme. Charton as the heroine). The prince highly complimented M. Meyerbeer, who was present, for the beauty and science displayed in this, his latest, *chef-d'œuvre*. *L'Etoile* has reached its twelfth representation.

VIENNA.—At the Imperial Opera House, the tenor, Herr Ander, has re-appeared as Stradella, in Flotow's opera, after a long absence.—After a long period of retirement, M. Leopold de Meyer once more appeared in public on the 4th inst. As a proof of the great excitement caused by the debut of this celebrated pianist, we may mention that, in spite of the late hour (half-past ten o'clock, the large room of the Musikervain was crammed to suffocation by the elite of Vienna. "M. Leopold de Meyer," says the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*, "was received with thunders of applause, that lasted for several minutes. The peculiar characteristics which have raised him to the high position he occupies on both sides of the Ocean, on the banks of the Neva and the Seine, of the Thames and the Danube, are, if possible, more marked than ever. His touch is more elastic and rounder, his mechanism has reached a marvellous state of perfection, and his execution, without having lost any of its strength, certainty, and bravura, has become still more delicate and graceful. Of the four new compositions introduced on this occasion—*Souvenir d'Italie*, *Tableau Caractéristique*, *Grand Fantaisie sur le Prophète*, and *Das Kosaklied*—the second and third pleased the most, being especially distinguished by their melody and the effective manner in which they are treated. M. de Meyer was rapturously applauded, and called for by the audience." Herr Ander and Mme. Hermann-Ezillag, from the Imperial Opera, were the singers, and Herr Schmitt played a solo on the violinello. Among the accompanists on the piano, was Herr Proch.—The *Gesellschaft der Musik-Freunde* gave their third concert in the large *Redoutensaal*, on the 6th. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (choral), Mendelssohn's overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, and a chorus from Handel's *Sansou* were the full pieces. The solos in the symphony were taken by Fräuleins Tietjens and Bury, Herrn Eri and Holz.

ZURICH.—The *Allgemeine Musik-Gesellschaft* is giving a series of concerts under the direction of Herr Richard Wagner. Among other works of importance produced, we may mention Beethoven's Symphonies in F and B flat, the music to *Egmont*, Haydn's Symphony in D, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, and the female chorus and march from Herr Wagner's opera of *Rienzi*. Concerts have also been given by the two *Männergesangs-Vereine*—*Harmonie*, and *Stadt-Zürich*. Herr Seitz, from Reutlingen, lately inaugurated the new organ built by Herr Walcher for the *Frauenmünster*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLIV.

NEW YORK, April 4. Looking over the papers of the last fortnight a little, and posting myself up, I cannot resist the temptation to make a note or two, head or no head.

—So the *Tribune* (March 28th), it seems, has another blast against the Philharmonic. Well, let it blow away; it may feel the better, and I'll risk the society against such blasts. It is truly unfortunate though, that a paper so scrupulous in its adherence to truth on all other topics, should make such loose statements the moment it touches the Philharmonic. Look at this extract from the article in question:

"As the constitution of the [Philharmonic] Society, making it incumbent upon the Directors to produce, every year, American instrumental compositions, has been wantonly and flagrantly disregarded—"

Now will it not surprise the readers of the *Tribune* to learn that there is no such provision in the Constitution of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society? Such is the fact.

There never was. There was however formerly a By-law of the Society to this effect: "If any grand orchestral compositions, composed in this country,

should be presented to the Society, one should be performed each season, provided a committee of five appointed for the purpose should approve and recommend the work."

This By-law was the occasion of a good deal of trouble, and men were unwilling to sit in judgment upon one another's compositions; and so, at the time of obtaining their act of incorporation, upon the final revision of their constitution and by-laws, the associates thought best to omit it altogether.

The *Tribune* had better try again.

—Well, according to the *Mirror*, then, the old Metropolitan nuisance is to be revived, worse than ever, and "New York will soon be able to boast a Musical Hall which she can point to with pride and pleasure as the most elegant and best adapted to this purpose of any in the country." Well done, Mr. *Mirror*, and I suppose not one of the city papers disputes you—the Architect says so and it must be so. Now look you here.

"The extreme dimensions of the new Hall are to be 95 feet by 96." "The height of the interior from floor to dome will be 68 feet." "The ceiling is to be surmounted with a magnificent dome, 45 feet in diameter." "There are to be three tiers of boxes," &c.

There—do you not see that such a form and proportions directly violate every known principle of acoustic architecture? And yet you go on to talk of the author of this ridiculous plan for a Music room, as designing to show "that American architects understand their business quite as well as foreigners." (!) "His professional pride was piqued," was it, that the projectors of the opera house would not look at him; in my view the old Metropolitan nuisance and the present plan more than justify the Opera house Committee and prove their sagacity; for if a man can make such a botch of a simple hall, what might he not have done on the broader field of an opera house?

But the wisdom of Gotham takes it for granted that it is all right—give gaud and tinsel enough, and what matter the acoustic qualities of the hall? Gotham does not attend concerts to hear the music!

—Dwight, I see, is exercised in his mind. The *London Musical World* has a life of Mendelssohn, original—and Dwight can't imagine whence it is stolen. Being just now in the recipe line, I will send him one.

Recipe for an original biography of Mendelssohn.—Take quant. suff. of "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, ein Denkmal für seine Freunde, von W. A. Lampadius." Translate, condense, add an occasional blunder, a reflection, and a puff of things English, and divide into ten chapters.

NOTE APOLOGETIC.

NEW YORK, April 4, 1854.

DEAR DWIGHT:—I have already tried several times to write you a note of apology for sending you an unfinished article and neglecting to send the conclusion in time, and have been unable to go on. In truth my head and eyes are not the best, yet: and as for brains—however, I'll try.

There is a firm of pettifoggers in this city, Ills, Ailings & Co., with whom unluckily most human bodies corporate have more or less dealings, and who bear about the same relation to the great firm of Disease, Sickness & Death, that Sneak, who used to practice in the Boston Police Court, bore to Daniel Webster and old Jeremiah Mason. This firm has been bothering me for some two or three months past. To some of their claims I paid due attention, some I put off, and of others took no notice. They determined to have their revenge and played me a scurvy trick—a regular practical joke—one in which—as in all those cases of malicious barbarity called practical jokes—the amount

of fun was in proportion to the pain inflicted. At the time I began the unfinished article in question, I had only the evening to devote to it, and having spent one upon it, I intended to finish it the next. When the evening came, however, Ills, Ailings & Co. had laid an attachment on my eyesight. I bore it patiently, knowing that I should have leisure a few days later. On the Thursday following I was at liberty and should have sent you the conclusion, but on that day my pettifogging friends arrested me, confined me close prisoner to my room, denied me books, pen and paper, and put in Dr. Dennison keeper over me.

Those endless first nights! The first three by my reckoning averaged some hours over three weeks each, and when the mornings at length dawned they were so excessively slow in breaking, that I fancied the young days finally starting off, partridge-like, with half their shells sticking to their shoulders. Bad as were the excruciating pains passing from the eyes back through the entire caput, and the cramps which ran in waves up and down the lower extremities, the hardest of all to bear was the loss of all power over my thoughts. They mastered me, I could not control them. The principal topics on which my mind had been engaged for some days previously, would come up; they would be studied, they would be re-examined in all their bearings, and when once one of these topics had fairly chained my thoughts, the subject would go whizzing through the brain until a sudden pang would start from the eyes and rush like lightning to the stomach, and such a deadly sickness and faintness would follow as for the moment would break up the current of thought. Thus a railroad to Lake Superior, 170 miles in length, with nearly as many miles of branches, passed through my head with all its running stock, at first at a rate of about 15 miles per hour, increasing to at least three times that. It started back again, but that deathlike faintness came on, I tossed over and I really think broke off some rods of the track, which still stick in my brains—I wish they were laid up at Lac Vieux Desert. But the incubus, the demon which haunted and persecuted me continually, from which there was no escape, exert myself as I would, was my unfinished article. If by chance I dozed, it was in my troubled dreams; when awake I was examining dates, comparing statistics, heaping up facts, and as soon as the final point was reached the whole operation would begin again; and when in my semi-delirious state, I seemed ever to see before me imprinted, or in some inexplicable manner made manifest, upon vacancy, the whole story, and I must go over and over again with it,

Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,
Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn,
Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel,
Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel.

And so the changes were rung hour after hour, until it did seem as if the punishment for leaving the article unfinished was a hundred times greater than the crime. Once I fancied that the conclusion was lost forever. It was one of those semi-delirious moments, when the article was displayed before me all written out; but this time a little urchin was busy folding it up. Hallo, you young rascal, What are you doing with my article? "I am going to file it away." "File it away! the article is not written yet. Pray who are you?" "Why I'm the child unborn, or one of 'em, and it is our business to file away and preserve all unwritten articles." "What is that for?" They print them in the unpublished magazines and reviews!"

That beat me! I suppose that I am indebted to Hawthorne for the suggestion of that fantasy, over which I chuckled mightily. A bit of romance

which I enjoyed two or three days later, I take it, was suggested by Kapellmeister Kreisler and his Julia.* I was upon a mountain top with a Julia, the goddess of my very heart of heart's idolatry, but whom I could only worship at a distance. Turning suddenly to me from the somewhat dark and gloomy landscape, she looked me in the eyes, and I felt her say, "I have dismissed him—henceforth I live for you!" There is an old proverb, pleasure is pleasure, and pain is pain, sleeping or waking. It would take all Hoffmann's intense power of expression to give any conception of the tide of joy and bliss which flooded my heart, and seemed to send sunshine and bright day to all the vallies and plains below. For a moment, until the deathly faintness as usual came to change the scene, my happiness was perfect.

It was curious that all my fancies were objects of vision, at no time did I seem to hear anything. The conversations which I had with various imaginary individuals did not seem to be spoken, but the interlocutors mutually felt what was said. I heard no music, and some of Beethoven's Andantes, which haunted me, were visible not audible. Queer, wasn't it? Such funny, absurd faces as appeared to me, all had something to do with music, but, for my life, I cannot now imagine what it could have been. One in particular I recall now. Nothing but a curly sort of satyr's head, with a grinning face. But such a grin! In spite of all I was suffering, enhanced that night by an incessant asthmatic cough, which deprived me of all sleep, that grinning face set my own risibles in motion and a long and hearty laugh was as good as a bolus, I've no doubt. If I was a sculptor and could "sculp" that phiz, as I saw it, this should be my epitaph:

THE SCULPTOR
OF
THE GRIN!

But where am I rambling; Forgive me all this nonsense—take it as my apology for not having sent the "Conclusion next week" in season, and believe me that you shall soon have it, though not quite yet, as in my present state I shall for some days have other fish to fry. DIARIST.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 8, 1854.

Our New Volume.

1. APOLOGETIC.—This, the first number of our third year, ought to be a specimen number, extra full of good things, and all carefully considered and arranged. But the pressure of a thousand distracting cares, both of a business kind (the editor being also publisher and book-keeper) and personal, have rendered this impossible. So, reader, you must put up with as accidental, makeshift, every day sort of a number as we have often issued. We shall do better next week. Further apology is found below.

2. BLOWING THE TRUMPET.—The precedents for this are so abundant that a sober, self-respecting man avoids it. But when one has a trumpet thrust into his hands, suddenly and as it were providentially, without any seeking of his own,—an instrument with no false metal in its composition, like this you shall hear anon—he surely has a right to blow it. Nay, the part is *obligato*. We copy, therefore, from the daily papers of the week the following agreeable surprise, by which it seems that there has been a plot on foot, in which our

* In "Kater Murr."

Journal is considerably compromised;—a plot, in which artists and art-lovers friendly to the Journal have been acting without taking us into council, and which in due course of ripening, *probably* (for we are writing yesterday morning) opened out in full flower last evening. We were not allowed to know enough of it to name it in our last; were only told that kindly elements were moving, of their own accord, in our behalf, and that a "masterly inactivity" and childlike trust were our whole duty in the matter. Next week we shall have to report in full of a *Concert extraordinaire!* Meanwhile we copy this by way of credentials to new readers into whose hands this opening number of a year may chance to fall.

Complimentary Concert for the benefit of Dwight's Journal of Music.

It is believed that a complimentary Concert for the benefit of the Journal of Music, will afford to the lovers of Music in Boston, and its vicinity, an agreeable opportunity of testifying their sense of the very valuable services, which the Editor of that Journal has rendered to the musical cultivation of our community.

In this belief, the undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the musical public to an object which they consider to be eminently worthy the co-operation of all who take an interest in the elevation of the public tastes, and who appreciate the single-minded devotion to the cause of Art, and the elevated zeal, which have so honorably distinguished the management of the Journal of Music.

CARL BERGMANN.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

OTTO DRESEL.

ROBERT E. APTHORP,	HARVARD MUS. ASSOC.
E. L. BENZON,	(H. W. Pickering, Pres.)
THOS. G. CARY,	ABOTT LAWRENCE,
CHICKERING & SONS,	H. W. LONGFELLOW,
JOSEPH COOLIDGE,	ELLIS GRAY LORING,
T. B. CURTIS,	GEORGE R. RUSSELL,
R. H. DANA,	GEORGE TICKNOR,
GEORGE DERBY,	J. B. UPHAM,
SAM'L A. ELIOT,	SAM'L G. WARD,
J. T. FIELDS,	G. J. WEBB,
N. L. FROTHINGHAM,	R. C. WINTHROP.

Psalm Tunes Again.

DEAR DWIGHT:—I have been a constant reader of your paper from its start, and have found great delight, as well as much information, in so doing. There have been, occasionally, articles upon American Hymn-tunes, generally condemnatory, and others upon the "Choir Singing" in American churches, generally condemnatory likewise. Now I wish to inquire whether no American has as yet written Hymn-tunes worthy of being sung by our choirs, and which may be reasonably expected to "endure for a while?" I am an ardent lover of music, and take special pleasure in Church Music. My taste is said to be of the severer sort, and, in general, I agree with you, in your criticisms. But yet, I must own, perhaps not to the credit of my musical taste, that I sometimes hear tunes by American writers that please me, and more than that, move me in that solemn way which becomes the House of the Lord. Am I deceived?

At the church in which I worship, the service is opened with a voluntary on the organ, followed, after such modulation as may be necessary, by a Chant of some one of the best English composers; or by a concerted piece for four or five voices, by a first class composer. I noticed in the choir-books an adaptation to English words of the, "*Mater Amabilis*," by Mozart; "*Inclina ad me*," by Hummel, "*Et Incarnatus*," from Haydn's 3d Mass, &c. This introductory music being ended, there follow, the reading of a Psalm—and a short prayer by the minister. After which the organist plays a brief voluntary, say not over two minutes in length, using only the softer stops. Then come the reading of the

Scriptures and the long prayer,—a Hymn Tune, (and the selection is always in good taste, an English or German Choral, and sometimes a good *American Tune*,—are there not such?) The Sermon then succeeds, occupying from 25 to 35 minutes; another short voluntary on the soft stops,—the second Hymn-Tune, the Lord's Prayer, the Benediction, and the closing Voluntary.

Now this is in a country town twenty-five miles from Boston, the choir comprising half-a-dozen persons, besides the organist. What do you think of the case, and how about America Hymn Tunes? Are there any good ones, and what are they?

Yours, K.

In answer to the above (which certainly is written in the best spirit) we beg leave to disclaim all intention of denying, in any of our former articles, that Hymn tunes worthy to be sung in public worship may be, and have been composed, and that perhaps frequently, by Americans. With our enormous productiveness in this line, with the thousands of new tunes made and published almost yearly, it would be impossible that some among them should not be excellent of their kind. Perhaps out of the whole number one of taste and industry enough might cull a choice collection, amply large and various for all practical requirements. We too have had some favorites among tunes written by Americans; and in all the choirs, where good taste has a voice, there doubtless are some well established and enduring favorites of the class.

Good ones there are, then. But "what are they"? To this question we care not to make too definite an answer. To name some might be not quite just to others; nor has our familiarity with such works of late been so large as to entitle us to make invidious distinctions. Our correspondent does not take the point of what we have from time remarked or briefly hinted. We have not denied that the multitude of trash may contain some good tunes; but we have questioned the good of such perpetual multiplication of pieces, which are confined in the nature of the case to a few of the very plainest, shortest types of musical form. You may vary these brief types forever, and do it ever so cleverly, and yet you have produced nothing essentially new or more interesting (except momentarily) than the old; you have added nothing to the world's amount of real, vital musical creation. A Choir that has the fifty or a hundred best old chorals and hymn-tunes, that come up again and again in almost every collection that is made (the worse too frequently for alteration), has substantially about all that ever can be produced in that form. The type exhausts its reproductive power. Possibly a psalm-smith of to-day may forge out of his brain a tune or two as good, intrinsically, as any old one of the same metre and same general design; but then the difference between them will not be so great, that twice singing of one will not be quite as edifying as once singing of the two. We feel it to be a vast waste of musical vitality and energy (where such exists—too frequently it is only mechanical cleverness and business enterprise that takes the place of musical, and multiplies its *quasi* musical products to feed an artificially chafed consumption)—a waste of musical energy, we say, a thriftless musical economy, to spend so much of it in writing and circulating thousands upon thousands of psalm-tunes, where a hundred is as good as a thousand, when a tithe

of that activity and enterprise might publish selections of the best sacred music, in larger forms, and of a more artistic type, from the Masses, Motets and other Services of the great masters, the truly inspired ones, and might train at least a quartet choir in every church to sing them well.

What we want is to escape smothering from this wishy-washy deluge of new or new-vamped psalmody—in which, depend upon it, Trade has infinitely more to do than either Art or Worship. Between true Art and true Religion we believe there ever did and ever must and will exist an intimate affinity, a bond of mutual necessity. Show me a people filled and animated, cheered and harmonized and made as it were instinctively rhythmical and graceful and respectful, by the cultivation of the artistic feeling, and you show a people who not so much fear, as they do, unprofessingly perhaps, *love* God. Therefore it is that we would have Music enter into the public worship of the people in the forms that are least formal, barren and mechanical; in the forms of beautiful, inspired, true Art.

The singing of a hymn as a mere form or branch of a ritual, or as a medium of conveying, a little more systematically and pleasingly, the words and thoughts contained in some didactic texts or verses, appears to us a little matter, compared with music as a branch of true artistic culture, whereby the tone of one's whole life is elevated to the blending point with most divine emotions, and one learns to feel how in himself and his communing neighbors this deadly divorce of the material and the spiritual may be healed. It is true enough that a really artistic or art-loving people or congregation is a rare thing and hardly to be found; about as rare as a religious people in any practical and true sense. But inasmuch as Art is one of those divine gifts and influences whereby gross mortality is humanized and harmonized and lifted up to holier delights, why shall we not seek its purest and largest presence and participation in our public religious exercises? Why not take the pains to secure that, which we now take in keeping up such dull, cold shadows and suggestions of true music. Our whole people would have more of the artistic sentiment, and consequently would be less rude, less inharmonious, in their lives, if they were but familiarized with high Art in the sacred music of the Sabbath. We doubt if any real sense or love of Art be much awakened by the listening to mere psalmody:—although of course much must depend upon the manner of its performance, and there is at least *one* mode of singing psalms or chorals which can scarcely fail to be inspiring, solemnizing and sublime;—we mean the singing of a simple, grand, time-hallowed tune, such as "Old Hundredth," by a united multitude of voices.

And this leads us to remind those who fancy we wage war upon all psalm-singing, of our briefly sketched ideal of church music (not an exclusive plan by any means) which we offered a few weeks since. While we plead for more artistic music, for Motets, Masses, Te Deums, &c., (and we are perfectly willing to include in this variety some of the most expressive and artistic four-part hymn-tunes, which demand a trained choir or quartet, and which no lover of good music can help liking), we also feel the need of something simpler, shorter, more familiar, and

within the reach of all with ears and voices at all musical.

Hence the *first* feature in our plan was chorals, simple, solid, grand, and known by everybody, and, so far as may be, to be sung by everybody. These should be few; since repetition here is no monotony; a worshipping assembly joins in "Old Hundred," with the same ever new interest and fervor, that a social circle breaks up with the joining hands and "Auld lang Syne." Musical novelty or variety is not the object here; but the renewal of an inspiring and time-hallowed custom. Hence we said that a dozen good old tunes were better than books-full of new psalmody;—not meaning to condemn all the new things in this shape, of course; but simply to suggest that an essential charm and virtue of this branch of religious music resides in the very fact that the tunes sung are few, familiar, oft-repeated, and fraught with venerable associations. The older these chorals the better; for then the sound thereof links the present with the earliest centuries of Christianity, and inspires a feeling of the identity and oneness of Humanity throughout all the stages of its development in history.

For Hymn-tunes of a less plain and common character, such as require trained voices and artistic taste, we would make place in the second category, on which we have already dwelt at length. They should be much more select and few, than as now practiced, and they belong, if anywhere, to that portion of the musical service, which is not to be considered a common *act* of worship in which all the worshippers are actors, but as a high and spiritualizing influence of Art upon the hearts and minds of all who listen, disposing them to holier moods.

Thirdly, we spoke of organ music. This, if it be *true* organ music, ministers to the religious sentiment in the same way; and still better, since it is more impersonal, less narrowed by the idea of persons singing, or of thoughts and statements sung. Pure instrumental music always gains upon the preferences of those in whom a real love of music is awakened. Of course an orchestra might render a like service, were it not attended with such difficulties as to make it impracticable, except in the case of great religious festivals; of which our oratorios suggest a type.

In one word, then, our whole complaint has been against this indefinite, enormous multiplying and trading upon new variations of the plain and simple type of psalm-tunes. We are far from wishing to discredit any musical enterprise because it is American. We only say that in this particular line the work is *overdone*; we (the people) are bewildered by the multitude of those who come to help us; new psalm-books come as thick as travelling book agents, who besiege our doors until we vote all literature a nuisance. And we protest, the writing of a psalm-tune or a book full of them, does not constitute a person a Composer.

At the same time we desire to say that we fully appreciate and gratefully esteem the services which have been rendered to the popular cause of music in this country by the labors of many of these same men as teachers of singing, and of the rudiments of musical knowledge, to the masses. We can go almost as far as the *New York Musical Review* in our sense of the value of the old Academy of Music enterprise in Boston, and the impetus imparted by conventions, and above all by the

introduction of music into the public schools. All honor to those who have done this. But this was not the source to look to for the inspiring examples of high Art. This movement was the people's aspiration towards Music; and these men were the people's leaders, tribunes of the people, in that movement. The masters and sources and models of high Art in music were to be sought in other quarters. Honor to each after his kind.

CREDITS. We have received the following, which touches certainly a delicate point in the mysteries of editing:

Boston, March 27th.

Dear Sir:—Without accusing you of the injustice to other papers which you seem to suffer from them, might it not in some cases be of interest to your readers to know from what foreign paper articles in your Journal are sometimes taken? As on March 18th that very interesting article on "Acis and Galatea" is credited only to "a London paper." Did you see what the *Illustrated News* said about that performance? It struck me as of interest. Why could not you tell us something about the foreign critics? All one knows is that Chorley writes for the *Athenaeum*. And Fétis—sometimes we know what he writes. But the origin of my complaint dates back to last summer, when I was out of town and had no paper but yours, consequently no access to London papers; and when your *resumé* of foreign news was the most of interest that you had to offer. For I like to connect opinions with some sort of a substratum, some hypothesis or other, if not a man, at least the name of the paper he writes for. But this is merely a suggestion, coming too from a constant and sympathizing READER.

All we can say is that we make it a point scrupulously to give credit for articles we copy, when we know whom or what to credit. In the matter of foreign—we mean English—musical criticism, it is frequently impossible for us to ascertain this. Such was the case with the "Acis and Galatea" piece. We found it in the *London Musical World*, where articles continually appear in that peculiar type, which indicates that they are borrowed, while the source is not declared. We have often found in that paper articles in *leaded* editorial type, identical with those on the same subjects in the *Times*, or certain other London papers. Part of the secret is explained, if what we hear be true, that Davidson the musical critic of the *Times*, is also editor of the *Musical World*. But many a paragraph which one must transfer to his columns, to keep up a running *resumé* of news, is found in such shape as shows that it has been passed round abroad some time as common property.

We hope some day to gratify our "Reader's" curiosity about the foreign critics, but prefer to wait until our own information is a little more complete. As for the *London Musical World*, we never should have thought of complaining had it only borrowed our *selections*; since for them it would have been absurd to demand credit. We are happy to state that the last three or four numbers of the *World* have afforded no such cause of complaint. As for the Mendelssohn biography, which we have been copying from it without knowing whom to credit, read the last paragraph of to-day's "From my Diary."

A DOUBLE FEAST OF BEETHOVEN.—Surely there is some enthusiasm hereabouts for the music of this great master, and some pretty energetic study to appreciate it, judging from the following programme sent us by a correspondent. It was

performed, he says, last week by ladies in Dorchester, in a private social circle, we presume), "on the occasion of Beethoven's birth-day." But as all the biographies represent that Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, either our correspondent or the Beethoven-worshipping young ladies must have opened at the wrong page of their calendar of saints. But dates apart, such a Beethoven festival and such a programme show an earnest pursuit of the best musical culture, greatly to the credit of those actively engaged in it. There were two concerts, one in the afternoon and one in the evening; and all the pieces played or sung were compositions of Beethoven. Was ever such a quantity of his music brought together upon one occasion? Think of *ten* sonatas, or pieces in sonata form, in one day! We are told that they were listened to with much enthusiasm by some of the "appreciative few." Friend Fry would have a chance to write his fastest, could he find such a company. We presume we are not at liberty to publish names:—suffice it to say that (with the exception of Mr. Fries, in the violin sonatas), they were all amateurs, and, judging by the continual recurrence of two patronymics, all daughters of two neighboring families.

Programme of our Beethoven Festival, Thursday Afternoon and Evening, March 30th, 1854.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.

PART FIRST.

1. Sonata, with Funeral March.
2. Songs. No. 4 and 5, "An die ferne Geliebte."
3. Eighth Symphony in F, for four hands.
4. Song: The Quail.

PART SECOND.

5. Sonata Pathétique.
6. Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin.
7. Song from "Fidelio."
8. Sonata for four hands in F minor.

EVENING CONCERT.

PART FIRST.

1. Sonata in E flat for violin and piano.
2. Song: "An die ferne Geliebte," No. 1.
3. Sonata for four hands in D.
4. Septet in E flat, for four hands.
5. Song: "Adelaide."
6. Andante from the 5th Symphony.
7. Sonata in F, for piano and violin.
8. Songs: "An die ferne Geliebte," Nos. 2 and 3.
9. Andante, from the 7th Symphony.
10. Song: "An die ferne Geliebte," No. 6.
11. Sonata in F, 4 hands.
12. Grand Sonata in A, for piano and violin.

Germania Concerts.

The Public Rehearsals of Saturday and Wednesday last were very full and very satisfactory. At the former Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, in A major, was performed; and at the latter the glorious symphony of Franz Schubert once more; also the Overture to "William Tell," the *Casta Diva* by Miss LEHMANN, &c. &c.—This afternoon we are to have the last Rehearsal; and this evening the GERMANIA takes its final "Farewell," for the present year, at all events. The programme, as it now last stands in our advertising columns, after some altering and re-altering, is good enough for anybody; and is made up of the more familiar grand things, such as the glorious old C minor symphony; the "Hallelujah" chorus, by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY; choruses and songs (by Miss LEHMANN) from "Elijah;" and the now favorite overture to *Tannhäuser*. Mr. HELLER, too, will play, and CARL ZERRAHN will produce one of his tasteful solos for the flute.

Blessings brighten as they take their flight; and there will doubtless be such eagerness to catch the last strains of the Germanians, that one must go early to secure a seat.

NOTICE. In attempting to make up sets of the Journal for binding, we find that our supply of Nos. 22 and 23 of Vol. II., No. 1 of Vol. III, and No. 25 of Vol. IV., has run out. Persons having copies of those numbers, which they do not care to keep, will do us a great favor by sending them to this office.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,
WILL GIVE THEIR
FAREWELL CONCERT,
On Saturday Evening, April 8th,
ASSISTED BY THE
MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY,
Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,
AND BY
MR. ROBERT HELLER.
PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Grand Symphony, No. 5, in C minor, op. 67, (by general desire,) Beethoven.
Allegro molto.—Andante.—Scherzo.—Allegro, Finale.
2. Aria from the Oratorio of Elijah, "Hear ye, Israel," Mendelssohn.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
Succeeded by the Chorus from the same Oratorio,
"Be not afraid."
Sung by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.

Part II.

3. Grand Overture to "Tannhäuser," (by general desire,) Wagner.
4. Solo for Flute, (first time.)
Composed and performed by CARL ZERRAHN.
5. Chorus, "He, watching over Israel," from the Oratorio of Elijah, Mendelssohn.
Sung by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.
6. Fantasia for Piano:
Composed and performed by ROBERT HELLER.
7. Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Messiah," Handel.
Sung by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.

Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at E. H. Wade's only, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

Grateful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon the performances of the Germanians on former occasions, they tender their sincere thanks to their many friends, and ask the continuance of their favor.

The LAST PUBLIC REHEARSAL of the season will take place this (SATURDAY) Afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock.

GREAT MASTERS FOR LITTLE PUPILS.

In course of Publication: Several Numbers already issued.

GREAT MASTERS FOR LITTLE PUPILS: A Selection from the Classical Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. &c. Easily arranged and fingered, by THOMAS BAKER.

Opinions of the English Press.

"We cordially recommend this work to all Teachers of the Piano-Forte. The desired object is obtained in a manner truly pleasing to the pupil; and by the use of Mr. Baker's version of the Great Masters, that which was an irksome, will become a delightful task."—*Eva*.

"As an instructive, and at the same time pleasing work, we know of no publication that can surpass it."—*Bristol Mercury*.
"The idea of this work is worthy of commendation, and the manner in which it has been carried out, equally so. It will be of great use to teachers."—*Sunday Times*.

"We cordially recommend this little work, which from the rapid improvement and pleasing practice it is likely to impart to tyros, we expect will prove a boon to both Master and Pupil."—*Midland Counties' Herald*.

Published by

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Boston.

Our Sabbath School Superintendents.

We have just published a beautiful Book for your use, entitled

THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

A complete collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sabbath Schools, Families, and Social Gatherings.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

Professor of Music in Charlestown Female Seminary.

We believe that upon examination this will be found to be one of the most beautiful collections of Music and Hymns for Children ever published.

PRICE FIFTEEN DOLLARS PER HUNDRED.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,

Apr 1 64

Publishers, Boston.

JOB PRINTING,

In all its various branches,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED,
BY EDWARD L. BALCH,
Office Journal of Music, No. 21 School St.

The MEDAL AND DIPLOMA awarded him by the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association for superior workmanship, may be seen at his office.

☞ MUSIC prepared for Stereotyping.

A. W. FRENZEL,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
No. 6 Acorn St., (between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Sts.)
Apr 8 BOSTON.

SOPRANO AND BASS.

A good Soprano and Bass are desirous of making an engagement with some Church Society. Are well acquainted with all styles of Church Music. Inquire of the Editor of this paper. Apr 1 St

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.
MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.
Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILBER, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26. The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct 29

CARL HAUSE,
PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. P. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 13.

LESSONS IN SINGING.**FREDERIC RUDOLPH**

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention to remain in Boston and give instructions in the art of Singing. Orders may be addressed to him at his residence (United States Hotel), or at the music store of Mr. Wade or Mr. Richardson. 3m Feb. 11.

JUST PUBLISHED,

CHORUS PARTS to Mendelssohn's Oratorio of ELLJAH.
CHORUS PARTS to Handel's Oratorio of the MESSIAH.
CLASSICAL CHORUS BOOK, by BAKER & SOUTHARD.
FESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by GEO. W. PRATT.

George P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
13 Tremont Street.
Nov 5

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.
G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany),
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.
Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.
Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON.
Oct. 8.

D. B. NEWHALL,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,
No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.
PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.
Apr. 10. tf

N. D. COTTON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
English, French, and American Stationery,
DRAWING & PAINTING MATERIALS,
No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.
•• Wedding and Visiting Cards Engraved and Printed.
16 tf

GREAT BOOK IN PRESS.**MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC:**

COMPILED BY JOHN W. MOORE.

With the assistance of other distinguished men in the musical world. The intention of the author is to make a most complete and thorough work of the above, which will be a desideratum in the world of music. It will be published in one elegant Royal Octavo volume of about 900 pages, double columns, and will contain a complete

Dictionary of Musical Terms,
A HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC,
from the earliest time to the present, a

Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass,
a description of all known MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, with the names of the most distinguished makers, and a complete Musical Biography of over three thousand of the most distinguished Composers and Musicians who have ever lived. Mr. Moore has spent several years in compiling this valuable work. It is now going through the press as rapidly as will comport with accuracy.

P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

The price, bound in cloth, will be... \$4 00.

The price, bound in half calf, will be... \$4 50.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & Co.,
Publishers, 17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston;
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,
Cleveland.

Will be for sale by all the book and music dealers in the country. 2m Feb. 11.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.
Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston. 17 tf

A SOPRANO WANTED.

FOR a church in Savannah, Ga. A good soprano singer, and one who is a good musician and teacher, would receive a fair salary, and find scholars. For further particulars enquire at this office. March 11 3 m.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

GIVES
INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,
AND MAY BE ADDRESSED AT
Feb. 4 3m 56 SUMMER STREET.

MARTIN'S GUITARS.

THE subscribers are sole agents for this city, for the sale of those justly celebrated Guitars. Prices from \$30 to \$60. Every instrument is warranted to stand this climate.
GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Street.

OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the Piano, and may be addressed at the WINTHROP HOUSE. Terms:—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.
Nov. 12, tf

HEWS' PATENT**AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.**

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.
GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston. tf

Apr. 10.

GEORGE J. WEBB & CO'S
PIANO-FORTE WAREHOUSES:
Chambers, No. 3 Winter Street, Boston.

At this Establishment may be found an elegant and extensive assortment of

PIANO-FORTES,

at all prices, warranted equal to any in the American market, in the essential properties of Tone, Touch, Power, Durability, Style, and Finish. None others will be kept.
Also, an assortment of

MELODEONS AND GUITARS.

Mr. Webb's long experience in the profession of Music, enables us to assure those persons residing at a distance, who may find it inconvenient to visit Boston for the purpose of selecting an instrument, that they shall be as well served by letter, (naming the price of the instrument desired,) as by personal examination; and those who may favor us with their orders, can implicitly rely upon the exercise of Mr. Webb's best judgment in their favor. Any instrument ordered can be exchanged if it does not suit.

☞ SOLD AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

...AGENTS FOR...

Lights, Newton & Bradbury's Pianos, New York.
Hallett, Davis & Co.'s do. Boston.
Goodman & Baldwin's Melodeons.
Feb 19 6m

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the **Piano-Forte Business**, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

THO'S F. CHICKERING,
CHA'S F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

Dec. 24.

J. B. WHEATON,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Apply at the Music Stores of Nathan Richardson, or Theo. T. Barker. 3 mos. Dec 3.

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,
TEACHER OF THE
PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANPOSED, &c.
Boston, April 23. 3m

J. TRENKLE,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.
Oct. 8. 3m

Germania Serenade Band.
THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured by applying to
H. E. TELTOW, Agent.
114 tf 30 Fayette Street.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston. 3m
Oct. 16.

This Day Published,—March 11th.

The best Primary Book on Thorough Bass ever issued.

FIRST STEPS IN THOROUGH BASS,
IN TWELVE FAMILIAR LESSONS, ARRANGED IN THE DIALOGUE FORM. BY A TEACHER OF MUSIC.

The mode of instruction carried out in this work has by positive experience proved efficacious in imparting to a pupil of ten years of age, as also to any one who may be ignorant of the subject, correct ideas of the abstruse science of Thorough Bass. "The progress made by those who have learned Thorough Bass in this manner," say the author, "has been so rapid (I had almost astonishing,) that I have been urged to communicate my method of teaching it to the public, by many good judges who have witnessed its effects with surprise; and though I acknowledge this to be an assertion introduced into prefaces as the names of the publishers are inserted in title pages, it happens in this instance, to be literally true."

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

NEW ELEMENTARY WORK.

A PRACTICAL TEXT-BOOK OF MUSIC,
AS CONNECTED WITH THE
ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE,
BY EDWARD B. OLIVER.

Price 50 cents. Just Published and for sale by
Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.,
T. T. Barker, 381 Washington St., C. C. Clapp & Co., 69 Court St., and by all Music Dealers.

Pianos and Melodeons to Let.
OLIVER DITSON,
Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston.

HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

John Bunyan Still Lives!
THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,
In one Picture, 24 by 39 inches, most elegantly engraved on STEEL, by Andrews, containing 290 human figures, besides all the scenes through which Christian passed, on his journey from the city of Destruction, to the Celestial City, so admirably portrayed by Bunyan. Every Christian family should have this splendid production of human genius.

TESTIMONIALS of the strongest nature, too numerous to publish, have been received by the publisher, from the most distinguished men of England and America.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.

GEO. E. SICKELS is the ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT FOR BOSTON. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

No. 21 School St.

Edward L. Balch, Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing—Office, N

